

POWERS WITH GAY FOLK AT SARATOGA.

Evening World Cartoonist's Impressions of Fat Ladies with Magnificent Jewels and Gorgeous Costumes Who Spend Money with Lavish Hands.



From a Distance.

(Special to The Evening World.)
SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 21.—Everything in Saratoga during the racing season centres around the race track, but, inspiring as is that machine for the separation of money and mortals, it does not compare in spectacular effect with Broadway at night. Much as New Yorkers think of their own Broadway, with its glare of electric signs, it is a small illumination alongside Broadway in Saratoga, with its glare of diamonds.

A word as to this Broadway. It is a wide, smooth, tree-bordered thoroughfare with two sides, the high side and the low side. On the high side, which is to the westward, are the big hotels, where the heart of Saratoga throbs, and on this side promenade the men and women of wealth and Saratoga standing. On the other side walks the polloi. As is the case with Bellevue avenue in Newport, one side of which is as strange territory to the fashionables as would be the interior of a delicatessen shop, the Broadway of Saratoga is never crossed by those who consider themselves the real gits on the frame save in case of absolute necessity, and the recrossing is always precipitate.

The frequenters of the east side of the street occasionally stray over to the promenade in front of the United States and the Grand Union, but they do not remain long. While on the west side the pavement appears to burn their feet.

GOLASH OF SOCIETY.

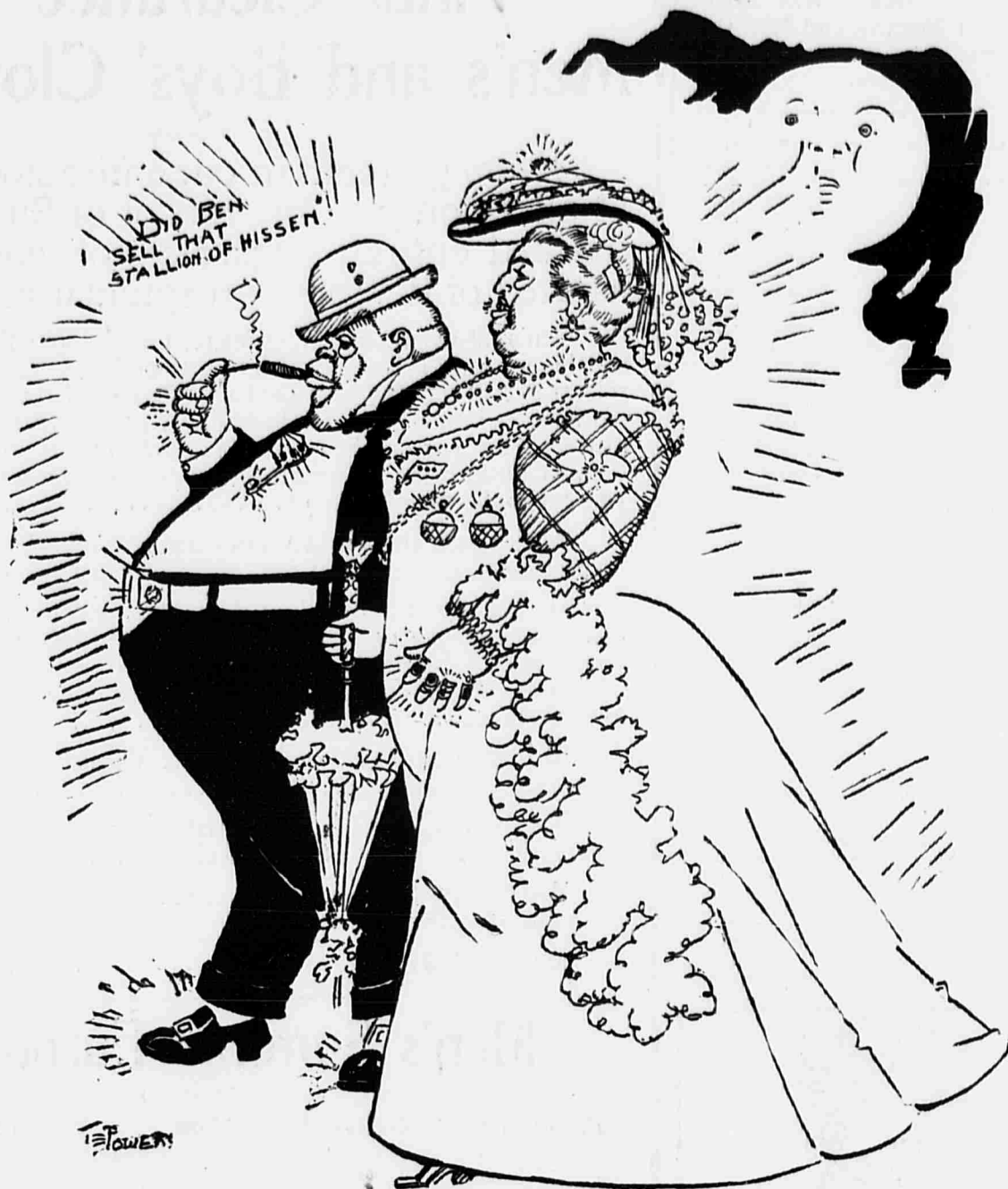
Up and down this west side there walks the greatest human golash of society, sport, beauty, ugliness, display and reserve to be found on this continent. Purple-faced obese men with pink-faced obese women brush by quietly dressed, well groomed financiers and leaders of New York's Four Hundred; owners of race horses step aside to admit of the passage of priests; daintily gowned daughters of the rich swish their skirts as they pass herculean blondes, whose gowns rustle like the sweeping of a strong breeze through a forest; ruddy-visaged bookmakers, trainers and jockeys meet and hobnob with gamblers of pale countenance and inscrutable gaze. The upper world, the half world and the under world meet and swing along in the never ceasing current. Casual observation might produce the impression that they assimilate. Such an impression is wrong. The line is drawn as sharply in Saratoga as in New York, but the ink used is thinner.

ALL EYES ON WHITNEY.

Comes by William C. Whitney, to whom, more than any one else, Saratoga is indebted for its revival. Following him is Max Hirsch, Treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera-House. Behind them comes Joe Ullman, the Chicago bookmaker and the only real gambler in the betting ring at the track. Mr. August Belmont is close by in the throng, and close to Mr. Belmont is Mr. Bat Masterson, the bad man from the West. Col. Jack Chinn, of Kentucky, "suh," is just preceding Charley Reed, the veteran sportsman.

Senator Pat McCarran, of Brooklyn, looking pale and even thin from his recent illness, propels his long legs through the crowd. Next we see Nathan Frank, former Congressman from St. Louis and owner of the St. Louis Star newspaper. John A. Drake, of Chicago, his inevitable cigar in his lips, bustles by, with Mayor Hitchcock, of Paterson, N. J., and "Hustling Harry" Stevens, the new race track caterer, just behind him.

A country clerkman, with his sweet, timid wife are swept along with the current; hard by a young man whom I saw arrested for picking pockets at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago in 1896. Kid McCoy, the pugilist, alert and smiling, showing no trace of regret over the recent elopement of his three-time wife, passes with Jockey Bullman, whose salary is \$20,000 a year.



MR. AND MRS. SARATOGA (with two watches and a French waist)—You can't see the moon for the glare of diamonds on Broadway at night.

All this in a minute. Can we beat it on our Broadway?

BROADWAY AT NIGHT.

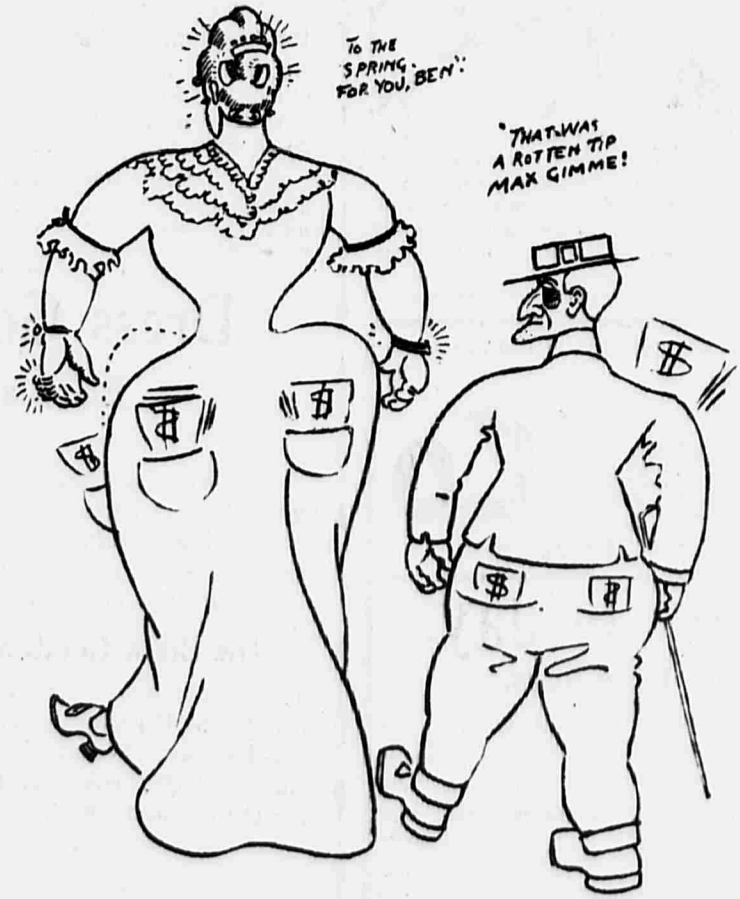
Getting back to the starting flag we come to consider Broadway at night. Imagine a street on which there is such a display of diamonds that the electric lights are actually dimmed, and you may form an impression of Broadway in Saratoga after 8 P. M., patient reader. Diamonds here are as much a feature of apparel as are whiskers to the face of an anarchist. The majority of the women wear all the diamonds they can encumber themselves with to breakfast, but they save a reserve for evening and then they come out strong. Necklaces and hair ornaments that cannot be worn in the daytime are resurrected with the setting of the sun, gorgeous gowns are donned and millions in gems are entered in the night parade.

It is an actual fact that from an elevation the blue, green and red glitter of precious stones can be seen for a distance of a block.

In Mardi Gras parades in New Orleans women bedeck themselves in ornaments of glass manufactured to shine with variety. No Mardi Gras parade ever produced an artificial glitter to equal the genuine as it is seen at night on Broadway in Saratoga.

EVERYBODY SEEMS HAPPY.

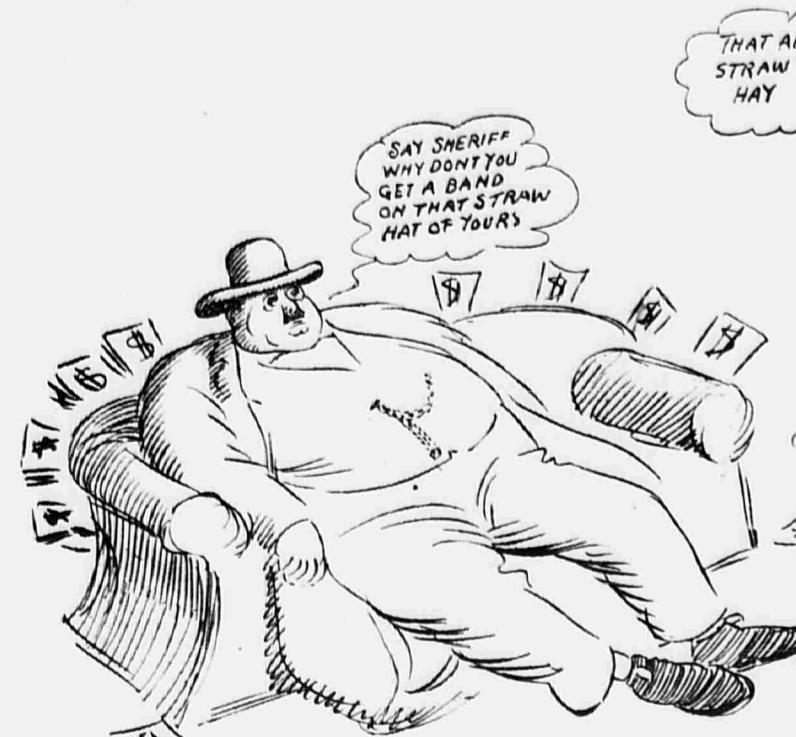
Everybody appears to be happy. From the gardens in the rear of the big hotels the sound of music floats. The echo of the laughter of women mingling with the clink of glasses. The shuffle of feet, the frou frou of



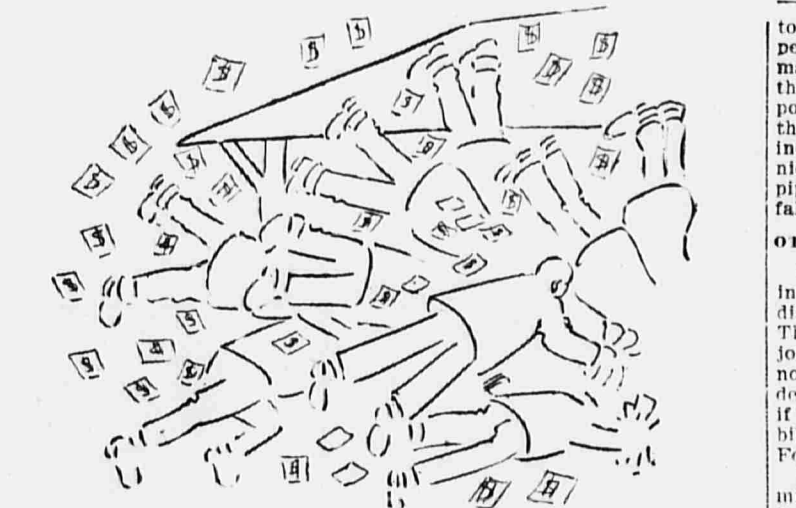
It is not an unusual thing to see ladies and gentlemen on the street, bareheaded, going to take the waters.

skirts, the hum of conversation, the rattle of horses' hoofs on the smooth highway, form an exhilarating combination. An hour of it is enough to imbue one with the idea that the only way to use money is to throw it away.

Tiffany's clothes when the sun goes



Panamas and Others.



Both of the Sullivans look out for the people.

having satisfied themselves they go away.

WINE FLOWS FREELY.

The consumption of real wine is enormous, but the highball holds its own. Saratoga bartenders fill up the glass after the ice and Scotch are properly placed with a local bubbling water that comes out of the ground. The result is a drink that tastes like a draught of kerosene oil out of a stein rubbed with garlic. They do say that men become accustomed to this liquor mixture and consume it with relish, a statement that must be accepted as true, for it is not unusual to hear an order for a Scotch highball made with Hathorn water, which last is a health drink pure and simple. Of the effect of these Saratoga highballs we have had no opportunity to judge.

It strikes one forcibly upon observation of the throngs of women on the balconies of the hotels that few are reading and none are engaged in the fancy work that takes up so much of the time of the summer resorts at hotels in other places. The women here do not read, as a matter of fact. When they sit down on the hotel piazzas they size each other up, karat by karat.

There is a book store on Broadway outside of which there is a sign, reading, "All of Mrs. Southworth's books, 18 cents each." Two women, typical representatives of the diamond class, were looking at the sign.

"I never heard of her," remarked one. "Neither did I," said the other. "I guess she must be another of them Mary MacLanes."

MARTIN GREEN.

An entrance to the betting ring at Saratoga—everything is quiet, there is no pushing.

down. The gem emporiums of Saratoga put on extra clerks at night. On the stroke of the last night I saw a full score of men and women buying precious stones in a Broadway store. I saw one woman who wore two watches—this, by the way, being a fad in Saratoga—buy an ornament fashioned of gold in the shape of the head and trunk of an elephant.

The eyes were diamonds. At the end of the trunk was a sapphire. From appearances the trinket weighed at least a pound. The owner of this remarkable piece of jewelry pinned it on her collar over her right shoulder and went forth to make the electric lights wonder why they had been invented.

PRICE IS DISREGARDED.

People buy expensive articles here with a disregard for price that calls to mind the intoxicated manner of wide repute. There appears to be something in the atmosphere that breeds a contempt for money. I had an instance brought to my notice to-day illustrative of this.

In Broadway I met a solid business man of St. Paul, Minn. My knowledge of his character is drawn from a long acquaintance. It is safe to say that if he lost \$5 in a gambling room in St. Paul he would call out the police, fire department and ambulance and make a requisition on the Governor for the militia.

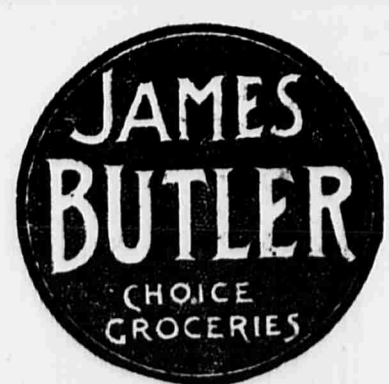
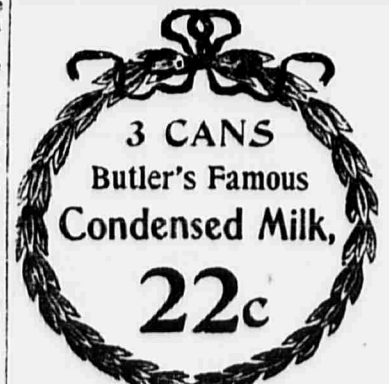
"I was initiated last night," said this man, who is so infatuated with his money in his own town. "Went down to the club-house and lost \$390 playing roulette. Got a good thing for the races to-day!"

SOME CHEERFUL FREEBOOTERS.

One acquires the hack habit in Saratoga. The trolley has not invaded the business and pleasure section of the village and transportation is furnished by hordes of cheerful freebooters owning horses and open wagons. One may ride to the race track for 25 cents, go almost anywhere in the village limits in fact for a quarter. But getting outside the corporation limits the cheerful pirates adopt a scale of rates that would make a night hawk cabby of New York hide his head in shame at his want of nerve. In the village, competition is close and the scale of prices is adhered to. This makes it possible for a man who has gone broke at the races to ride back to his hotel. He is poor indeed who cannot secure cab fare in Saratoga.

Reference to the man who has gone broke suggests the assertion that there are many of him here. He

hangs around the hotels with a hungry look and scans the racing charts in the newspapers until his eyes protrude from his head. The meeting is drawing to a close and he has to get away from Saratoga. How is he going to raise the money



IT IS WORTH YOUR WHILE

to look us up this week, as we offer for this sale a splendid list of high grade Groceries at prices so low that they cannot fail to interest every housekeeper who appreciates quality and practises economy.

POTATOES! POTATOES!

The finest Long Island Potatoes, all round, solid and very white.

A LARGE BASKET, 7c. A BARREL, \$1.40.

Not Over One Barrel Sold to Each Customer.

RICH AROMA-COFFEE-DELICIOUS FLAVOR.

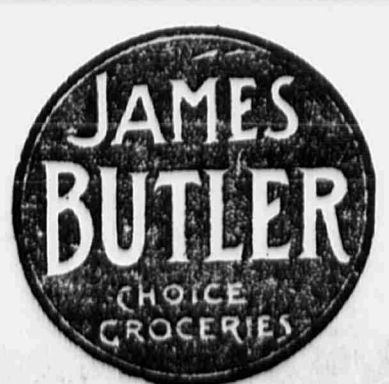
Not one, but both of these qualifications combined, have made for our Coffees a reputation second to none. You can't get better coffees than ours, pay what you will for them, and we know thousands of good judges of coffee quality who will so testify. The price we quote is special for this sale only.

BEST MARACAIBO COFFEE, Per Pound, 19c.

Borax, one-half pound packages..... 6c	FREE!	White Pepper, per can..... 9c
English Mustard, our best, a can..... 10c	A Package Zu-Zu Ginger Snaps	Witch Hazel, one-half pint bottle..... 10c
Table Salt, Blue Ribbon Brand, two-pound carton, a package..... 5c	with 1 pound of our	French Mustard, Butler's best, a 8c bottle
Shredded Gelatine, Peerless Brand, a package..... 9c	BEST NO. 1 TEA,	Olive Oil, domestic, pint bottle..... 9c
Cocoanut, Peerless Brand, a package..... 5c	at regular price of 35c.	Lemons, choice Messina, a dozen..... 6c
Concentrated Ammonia, Butler's best, a bottle..... 10c	CALIFORNIA PRUNES	Alpha Pudding, a dainty dessert, a 5c package
Worcestershire Sauce, Peerless Brand, a pint bottle, wrapped..... 13c	Extra Large Fancy Santa Clara, 2 Pounds for 15c.	Hires Root-Beer Extract, a 11c bottle
Tomato Catsup, Liberty Brand, one-half pint bottle..... 5c	Blue Ribbon Breakfast Food	Fairy Flouting Soap, a cake..... 4c
Campbell's Salad Dressing, a 10c bottle	NONE BETTER.	Potted Ham or Tongue, all standard brands, one-half pound can, No. 1 one-quarter pound can..... 5c
French Sardines, Clement Brand, with key, a can, 9c, or 3 for..... 25c	DELICIOUS AND WHOLESOME.	Cocoa, Butler's Peerless Brand, one-half pound can..... 18c
	A PACKAGE..... 10c.	

Pride of St. Louis Flour, 7 POUNDS FOR 15c.

Triumph Matches, 12 BOXES FOR 10c



NIGHT WATCHMAN TERRIBLY BURNED.

Fuchs Is Likely to Die from Wounds Received While Trying to Protect Property of His Employers.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Aug. 21.—Andrew Fuchs is in the hospital and likely to die from wounds received in his attempt to save the property of his employers. Fuchs has long been night watchman in the J. A. Mahlested lumber and coal yards.

BLACKMAILERS' THREAT TO KILL.

Detectives Guarding Wealthy Geo. E. Wallace from Whom \$50,000 Was Demanded on Penalty of Death.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 21.—George E. Wallace, a wealthy resident of Rochester, this State, is under surveillance of a detective who is guarding him from blackmailers who have threatened to kill him.

ASKS \$50,000 FOR HUSBAND'S LOVE

Young Mrs. Dundore of Philadelphia Brings Suit Against Parents and Brother of Husband Separated from Her.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 21.—Society is interested in the suit of Mrs. Franklin Dundore, Jr., against Franklin Dundore, Jr., his wife and their son Charles to recover \$50,000 for the alienation of her husband's affections.

Prof. Robert Koch

The medical world recognizes Prof. Robert Koch of Berlin, as the greatest authority on lung diseases, as he discovered the germs that cause consumption and the treatment that destroys them. It has been his lifetime study to devise a treatment that would entirely eradicate the germs that cause such diseases as asthma, bronchitis and consumption, so that no one can contract such diseases by breathing the germs into the lungs. His treatment is at 119 West 22d St., next to Elphinstone's store, where patients are treated daily at Dr. Koch's sanatorium, where wonderful cures are made of patients in the last stages of lung trouble, which by various neglect causes has expanded into the lungs causing hemorrhage and breaking down of lung tissue. The mistake of neglect until the patient is in the last stage of consumption is often made, but it should not be cough and loss of strength should warn one that their time is valuable, neglect is dangerous, and should at once consult a lung specialist, who is successful, like the one at 119 West 22d St., next to Elphinstone's store, where free examinations

Raided Alleged Pool-Room.

Police Inspector Donald Grant, with seven policemen, raided an alleged pool-room on the top floor of No. 45 East Thirteenth street, near Fifth avenue.

Four Workmen Killed in Wreck.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Aug. 21.—Four workmen in a fence gang were killed and three injured in a freight wreck at